

Between Your Love and Mine
A Requiem

Words and music by Leonard Cohen

Cast:

Musicians:

Keyboard/Musical Director – Aisling Carter

Violin: Annie Rose Deegan

Cello: Lucy Deegan; Medbh Farrell

Percussion: David Day

Singers:

Celebrant: Eric Butler

Mother: Katie Jacques

Father: Shane Sullivan

Readers:

Woman: Angela Keogh

Man: John MacKenna

Directed by John MacKenna

1. Overture – *String Reprise – Treaty* - Band

2. Opening Hymn – *Come healing* – Mother/Celebrant/Father

Mother:

O gather up the brokenness
And bring it to me now
The fragrance of those promises
You never dared to vow
The splinters that you carry
The cross you left behind
Come healing of the body
Come healing of the mind

Celebrant:

And let the heavens hear it
The penitential hymn
Come healing of the spirit
Come healing of the limb
Behold the gates of mercy
In arbitrary space
And none of us deserving
The cruelty or the grace
O solitude of longing
Where love has been confined
Come healing of the body
Come healing of the mind

Father:

O see the darkness yielding
That tore the light apart
Come healing of the reason
Come healing of the heart
O troubled dust concealing
An undivided love
The heart beneath is teaching
To the broken heart above
Let the heavens falter
Let the earth proclaim
Come healing...

3. Introit – Man

Blessed are you who has given each man a shield of loneliness so that he cannot forget you. You are the truth of loneliness, and only your name addresses it. Strengthen my loneliness that I may be healed in your name, which is beyond all consolations that are uttered on this earth. Only in your name can I stand in the rush of time, only when this loneliness is yours can I lift my sins toward your mercy.

4. Penitential Act/Confiteor – *The Faith- Mother*

The sea so deep and blind
The sun, the wild regret
The club, the wheel, the mind,
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The club, the wheel, the mind
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The blood, the soil, the faith
These words you can't forget
Your vow, your holy place
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The blood, the soil, the faith
O love, aren't you tired yet?
A cross on every hill

A star, a minaret
So many graves to fill
O love, aren't you tired yet?
So many graves to fill
O love, aren't you tired yet?
The sea so deep and blind
Where still the sun must set
And time itself unwind
O love, aren't you tired yet?
And time itself unwind
O love, aren't you tired yet?

5. Prayer – Woman

Children show scars like medals. Lovers use them as secrets to reveal. A scar is what happens when the word is made flesh.

6. Kyrie Eleison – *Heart with no companion* – Celebrant

Now I greet you from the other side of sorrow and despair, with a love so vast and so shattered, it will reach you everywhere.
And I sing this for the captain whose ship has not been built, for the mother in confusion, her cradle still unfilled.
For the heart with no companion, for the soul without a king. for the prima ballerina who cannot dance to anything.
Through the days of shame that are coming, through the nights of wild distress, though your promise count for nothing, you must keep it nonetheless.
You must keep it for the captain whose ship has not been built. for the mother in confusion her cradle still unfilled.
For the heart with no companion, for the soul without a king, for the prima ballerina who cannot dance to anything.

7. Prayer - Man

Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water and he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower and when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him, He said all men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them.

But he himself was broken, long before the sky would open, forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

8. Gloria – *Nightingale* – Mother

I built my house beside the wood
So I could hear you singing
And it was sweet and it was good
And love was all beginning
Fare thee well my nightingale
'Twas long ago I found you
Now all your songs of beauty fail
The forest closes 'round you
The sun goes down behind a veil
'Tis now that you would call me
So rest in peace my nightingale
Beneath your branch of holly
Fare thee well my nightingale
I lived but to be near you
Tho' you are singing somewhere still
I can no longer hear you

9. First Reading – Man - *Poem*

My time is running out
and still
I have not sung
the true song
the great song

I admit
that I seem
to have lost my courage

a glance in the mirror
and glimpse into my heart
makes me want to shut up forever

so why do you lean me here
Lord of my life
lean me at this table
in the middle of the night wondering
how to be beautiful.

10. Psalm – *Whither thou goest* – Father & Mother

Whither thou goest, I will go;
Wherever thou lodgest, I will lodge:
Thy people shall be my people, my love
Whither thou goest, I will go.
As in that story long ago
That same sweet love story now is so,
Thy people shall be my people my love,
Whither thou goest I will go.

11. Second Reading – Woman

From you alone to you alone, everlasting to everlasting, all that is not you is suffering, all that is not you is solitude rehearsing the arguments of loss. All that is not you is the man collapsing against his own forehead, and the forehead crushes him. All that is not you goes out and out, gathering the voices of revenge, harvesting lost triumphs far from the real and necessary defeat. It is to you I speak, solitude to unity, failure to mercy and loss to light. It is you I welcome here, coming through to coarse glory of your imagination, to this very night, to this very couch, to this very darkness. Grant me a forgiving sleep and rest my enemy.

12. Alleluia – *Treaty*- Celebrant

I've seen you change the water into wine
I've seen you change it back to water too
I sit at your table every night
I try but I just don't get high with you
I wish there was a treaty we could sign
I do not care who takes this bloody hill
I'm angry and I'm tired all the time
I wish there was a treaty
I wish there was a treaty
Between your love and mine
They're dancing in the street, it's Jubilee
We sold ourselves for love but now we're free
I'm sorry for the ghost I made you be
Only one of us was real and that was me
I haven't said a word since you've been gone
That any liar couldn't say as well
I just can't believe the static coming on
You were my ground, my safe and sound
You were my aerial
The fields are crying out, it's Jubilee
We sold ourselves for love but now we're free
I'm sorry for the ghost I made you be
Only one of us was real and that was me
I heard the snake was baffled by his sin
He shed his scales to find the snake within

But born again is born without a skin
The poison enters into everything.
And I wish there was a treaty we could sign
It's over now the water and the wine
We were broken then but now we're borderline
And I wish there was a treaty
I wish there was a treaty
Between your love and mine

13. Third Reading – Man

It is all around me, the darkness. You are my only shield. Your name is my only light. What love I have, your law is the source, this dead love that remembers only its name, yet the name is enough to open itself like a mouth, to call down the dew and drink. O dead name that through your mercy speaks to the living name, mercy harkening to the will that is bent toward it, the will whose strength is its pledge to you – O name of love, draw down the blessings of completion on the man you have cut in half to know you.

14. Sung Response – *Going home (chorus only)*- Father

Going home without my sorry
Going home sometime tomorrow
Going home to where it's better than before
Going home without my burden
Going home behind the curtain
Going home without the costume that I wore

15. Homily – Woman

My sister and I being estranged, I parked my trailer at the furthest limit of her fields, the corner that is left, by law, to the poor. Her hundreds of cherry trees were blossoming and on the road to the great stone house that they lined, a lacework of petals. It was a Saturday. I reclined against a little hill, a shoot of wheat between my teeth, looked at the blue sky, a bird, three threads of luminous cloud, and my heart would not rejoice. I entered the hour of self accusation. A strange sound trembled in the air. It was caused by the north wind on the electric lines, a sustained chord of surprising harmonies, power and duration, greatly pleasing, a singing of breath and steel, a huge string instrument of masts and fields, complex tensions. Suddenly the judgement was clear. Let your sister, with her towers and gardens, praise the incomparable handiwork of the Lord, but you are pledged to the breath of the name. Each of you in your proper place. The cherry trees are hers, the grapes and the olives, the thick walled house; and to you the unimaginable charities of accident in the Corner of the Poor.

16. Creed Sung – *If I didn't have your love* –Man

If the sun would lose its light
And we lived an endless night
And there was nothing left that you could feel
That's how it would be
What my life would seem to me
If I didn't have your love to make it real

If the stars were all unpinned
And a cold and bitter wind
Swallowed up the world without a trace
Ah, well that's where I would be
What my life would seem to me
If I couldn't lift the veil and see your face
And if no leaves were on the tree
And no water in the sea
And the break of day had nothing to reveal
That's how broken I would be
What my life would seem to me
If I didn't have your love to make it real
If the sun would lose its light
And we lived in an endless night
And there was nothing left that you could feel
If the sea were sand alone
And the flowers made of stone
And no one that you hurt could ever heal
Well that's how broken I would be
What my life would seem to me

17. Prayers of the Faithful – Woman and Man

Man: Holy is your name, holy is your work, holy are the days that you uncover

Woman: Holy are the hands that are raised to you, and the weeping that is wept to you.

Man: Holy is the fire between your will and ours, in which we are refined.

Woman: Holy is that which is unredeemed, covered with your patience.

Man: Holy are the souls lost in your unnamings

Woman: Holy, and shining with a great light, is every living thing, established in this world and covered with time, until your name is praised forever.

18. Holy, Holy, Holy – *Anthem*- Celebrant

The birds they sang
at the break of day
Start again
I heard them say.
Don't dwell on what
has passed away
or what is yet to be.
Ah the wars they will
be fought again.
The holy dove
She will be caught again,
bought and sold
and bought again
the dove is never free.
Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.
You can add up the parts
but you won't have the sum
You can strike up the march,
there is no drum
Every heart, every heart
to love will come
but like a refugee.
Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.
Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.
That's how the light gets in.
That's how the light gets in.

19. Memorial Acclamation – Woman

This is the way we summon one another, but it is not the way we call upon the Name. We stand in rags, we beg for tears to dissolve the immovable landmarks of hatred. How beautiful our heritage, to have this way of speaking to eternity, how bountiful this solitude, surrounded, filled, and mastered by the Name, from which all things arise in splendour, depending one upon the other.

20. Great Amen – *Amen* – Mother/Father/Celebrant

Father:

Tell me again when I've been to the river
And I've taken the edge off my thirst
Tell me again we're alone and I'm listening,
I'm listening so hard that it hurts
Tell me again when I'm clean and I'm sober
Tell me again when I've been through the horror
Tell me again, tell me over and over
Tell me you want me then
Amen

Celebrant:

Tell me again
When the victims are singing
And the Laws of Remorse are restored
Tell me again
That you know what I'm thinking
But vengeance belongs to the Lord
Tell me again
When I'm clean and I'm sober
Tell me again
When I've seen through the horror
Tell me again
Tell me over and over
Tell me that you love me then
Amen...

Mother:

Tell me again
When the day has been ransomed
And the night has no right to begin
Try me again
When the angels are panting
And scratching at the door to come in
Tell me again
When I'm clean and I'm sober
Tell me again
When I've seen through the horror
Tell me again
Tell me over and over
Tell me that you need me then
Amen...

Celebrant:

Tell me again
When the filth of the butcher
Is washed in the blood of the lamb
Tell me again
When the rest of the culture
Has passed through the Eye of the Camp
Tell me again
When I'm clean and I'm sober
Tell me again
When I've seen through the horror
Tell me again
Tell me over and over
Tell me that you love me then
Amen...

21. The Lord's Prayer – Man

Not knowing where to go, I go to you. Not knowing where to turn, I turn to you. Not knowing how to speak, I speak to you. Not knowing what to hold, I bind myself to you. Having soiled my heart, I lift my heart to you. Having wasted my days, I bring the heap to you. The great highway covered with debris, I travel on a hair to you. The wall smeared with filth, I go through a pinhole of light. Blocked by every thought, I fly on the wisp of a remembrance. Defeated by silence, here is a place where the silence is more subtle. And here is the opening in defeat. And here is the clasp of the will. And here is the fear of you, in this man's moment. Blessed are you whose presence illuminates outrageous evil. Blessed are you who brings chains from the darkness. Blessed are you who waits in the world. Blessed are you whose name is in the world.

22. Sign of Peace – *If it be your will* - Father

If it be your will that I speak no more
And my voice be still as it was before
I will speak no more
I shall abide until
I am spoken for
If it be your will
If it be your will
That a voice be true
From this broken hill
I will sing to you
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring

If it be your will
To let me sing
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will
To let me sing
If it be your will
If there is a choice
Let the rivers fill
Let the hills rejoice
Let your mercy spill
On all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will
To make us well
And draw us near
And bind us tight
All your children here
In their rags of light
In our rags of light
All dressed to kill
And end this night
If it be your will

23. Breaking of Bread – Woman

In the eyes of men he falls, and in his own eyes too. He falls from his high place, he trips on his achievement. He falls to you, he falls to know you. It is sad, they say. See his disgrace, say the ones at his heel. But he falls radiantly toward the light to which he falls. They cannot see who lifts him as he falls, or how his falling changes, and he himself bewildered till his heart cries out to bless the one who holds him in his falling. And in his fall he hears his heart cry out, his heart explains why he is falling, why he had to fall, and he gives over to the fall. Blessed are you, clasp of the falling. He falls into the sky, he falls into the light, none can hurt him as he falls. Blessed are you, shield of the falling. Wrapped in his fall, concealed within his fall, he finds the place, he is gathered in. While his hair streams back and his clothes tear in the wind, he is held up, comforted, he enters into the place of his fall. Blessed are you, embrace of the falling, foundation of the light, master of the human accident.

24. Communion Hymn – *Love itself* - Celebrant

The light came through the window
straight from the sun above
and so inside my little room
there plunged the rays of love.
In streams of light I clearly saw
the dust you seldom see,
out of which the nameless makes
a name for one like me

I'll try to say a little more
love went on and on
until it reached an open door
then love itself
love itself was gone
All busy in the sunlight
the flecks did float and dance
and I was tumbled up with them
in formless circumstance
I'll try to say a little more.
Love went on and on
until it reached an open door
then love itself
love itself was gone
Then I came back from where I'd been
my room, it looked the same
but there was nothing left between
the nameless and the name
All busy in the sunlight
the flecks did float and dance
and I was tumbled up with them
in formless circumstance
I'll try to say a little more.
Love went on and on
until it reached an open door
then love itself
love itself was gone.
Love itself,
Love itself was gone

25. Reflection – Man

I look far, I forget you and I'm lost. I lift my hands to you. I kneel toward my heart. I have no other home. My love is here. I end the day in mercy that I wasted in despair. Bind me to you. I fall away. Bind me, ease my heart, bind me to your love. Gentle things you return to me, and duties that are sweet. And you say, I am in this heart, I and my name are here. Everywhere the blades turn, in every thought the butchery, and it is raw where I wander; but you hide me in the shelter of your name, and you open my hardness to tears. The drifting is to you, and the swell of suffering breaks towards you. You draw me back to close my eyes, to bless your name in speechlessness. Blessed are you in the smallness of your whispering. Blessed are you who speaks to the unworthy.

26. Song of Reflection – *Song of Bernadette*- Mother

There was a child named Bernadette
I heard the story long ago
She saw the Queen of Heaven once
And kept the vision in her soul
No one believed what she had seen
No one believed what she heard
But there were sorrows to be here
And mercy, mercy in this world
So many hearts I find, broke like yours and mine
Torn by what we've done and can't undo
I just want to hold you, come on let me hold you
Like Bernadette would do
We've been around, we fall, we fly
We mostly fall, we mostly run
And every now and then we try
To mend the damage that we've done
Tonight, tonight I just can't rest
I've got this joy inside my breast
To think that I did not forget that child
That song of Bernadette
So many hearts I find, broke like yours and mine
Torn by what we've done and can't undo
I just want to hold you, won't let me hold you
Like Bernadette would do
I just want to hold you, come on let me hold you
Like Bernadette would do

27. Blessing – Woman

I lost my way. I forgot to call on your name. The raw heart beat against the world, and the tears were for my lost victory. But you are here. You have always been here. The world is all forgetting, and the heart is a rage of directions, but your name unifies the heart, and the world is lifted into its place. Blessed is the one who waits in the traveller's heart for his turning.

28. Closing Hymn – *You got me singing*- Mother/Father/Celebrant

Mother:

You got me singing
Even tho' the news is bad
You got me singing
The only song I ever had

Father:

You got me singing
Ever since the river died
You got me thinking
Of the places we could hide

Celebrant:

You got me singing
Even though the world is gone
You got me thinking
I'd like to carry on

All:

You got me singing
Even tho' it all looks grim
You got me singing
The Hallelujah hymn

Father:

You got me singing
Like a prisoner in a jail
You got me singing
Like my pardon's in the mail

Mother:

You got me wishing
Our little love would last
You got me thinking
Like those people of the past

Celebrant:

You got me singing
Even though the world is gone
You got me thinking
I'd like to carry on

All:

You got me singing
Even tho' it all went wrong
You got me singing
The Hallelujah song